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perfect it, until not a foot of the earth's surface and not a man of its inhabitants remains unsocialized and unfederated with the rest. The international competitive system, which has grown largely out of selfishness, ambition and greed, is nearing its end. The great armaments springing therefrom, which are crushing the world with their burdensomeness and threatening to wreck civilization, have grown so intolerable that they cannot long survive. Christianity, commerce, industry, labor, education, social culture, the common weal, in their recent development, are all against war. However discouraging present appearances may seem, its days are nearly numbered. It will die hard, but die it must. History has already written its death-warrant on the wall, and whatever God has written in history is written.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND PEACE.

I ought not to close this paper before a religious gathering like this without saying one thing more. Jesus Christ has been behind the peace movement in all its phases. There was no such movement until he came. He set forth the great principle of the divine kinship of men which inspired it. He exemplified this in an example which has ever since been like a sun in the social heavens. He kept the spirit and hope of peace alive through all the dark centuries. It was he who revived them in the seventeenth century, and strengthened and developed them during the eighteenth. Through his inspiration Christian men and ministers of the gospel gave us the organized peace movement of our time. During no inconsiderable periods of the past century disciples of his furnished its chief and practically only support. Until quite recently most of the distinguished advocates of peace were professedly Christian men and women. The record which the peace movement has made is fundamentally due to them. Profoundly grateful as we must be to the distinguished men and women beyond the pale of the Christian profession who in recent years have been among the chiefest apostles of the cause, yet fidelity to historic fact demands the recognition of the primacy of Christianity in the founding and developing of the work of peace.

I am sorry to have to say that, while through individual men Christianity has led the whole historic peace movement, the Church as a whole has been criminally unfaithful, and does not yet show any strong tendency to return to the original Christian position, or any high position, on the subject of peace. An increasing number of its ministers and members are, however, returning to that position. Tolstoy, whom the Orthodox Greek Church has excommunicated for his arraignment of her barren formality and her support of war, is not the only man of primitive Christian thought on the subject. It would be easy to find a good two hundred thousand of like principles in different parts of the earth. In the mission field a number of the great pioneers—Livingston, Titus Coan, J. Hudson Taylor—renounced all dependence on carnal weapons even for self-defense. Many of their less known followers and co-workers share and practice their views.

The evolution of the peace movement ought to proceed much more rapidly within the Church than without. Is it doing so? One feels the sting of pain when one sees the Church and its ministry lashed by outsiders,—splendid men and women of peace,—because so many pro-

fessed Christians and so many preachers of the gospel uphold the system of war, or particular wars, which these outsiders see cannot live an hour in the light of the New Testament. In our endeavors to promote the development of the peace cause, we must begin our judgment at the house of God. We must insist, with every artifice of appeal, that those who call themselves by Christ's name shall be true to Christ's spirit. We must keep in the forefront of all our work the great principle of human brotherhood, without which Christianity is not Christianity, but at best only a refined religion of self-righteousness. This principle of brotherhood is the great instrument with which we must work. It is only in its enlargement and ever wider practical application that the idea of social and international peace came into existence. It is the central pillar on which the new International Court of Arbitration must rest for its permanence and efficiency. There cannot be further development unless this principle is given a larger place. It is far from triumphant to-day, even in Christian society. There is disloyalty to it in a thousand ways of which men are scarcely conscious. There is retrogression from it in certain high places. If history shows anything plainly, it shows that sense of kinship and brotherhood is the root from which all peace springs. This lesson of history must be taken more seriously to heart, and must be given the widest world-application by all those who seek to bring in the era of world-peace.

While God by the ordinary course of his providences is working out the spirit of fraternity and peace by the great social and economic forces operating naturally in society, it is the Christian's high privilege to hasten the movement by following his Master in the life of self-sacrificing and universal love, which cannot possibly from self-interest kill human beings, but which gives life freely and ungrudgingly to save men of all classes and conditions. So far as lies in our power, we must not allow to be set up or kept up anywhere within the Church the walls between classes, races and nationalities which the Master leveled to the ground. We must declare our faith in the brotherhood of mankind and the sisterhood of nations in the face of the spurious patriotism which in its pride of country and race rides roughshod over uncivilized races and weak peoples, and is always watching for an opening into which to drive its self-seeking power.

At the point of development which the peace movement has reached, this is the supreme service which the Christian Church, in all its membership, is divinely commissioned to perform. If the Church, which is now a commanding institution in the civilized world, is willing to lose its life in this way with the Master, it shall find it again at no distant day in a world at peace at the feet of the Prince of Peace.

Just Like This Wooden Table.

A writer in *Free Russia* thus describes the life of a Russian soldier in the barracks. The picture is as true of other countries as of Russia:

"The stifling atmosphere of the Czar's barracks, which suppresses every thought, every feeling, and demands only slavish obedience, leaves an undying impression on any one who has experienced it.

"I passed but one year in the barracks, but during that time I went through more bitterness and offense than during all the preceding years of my life. From the first day of his service till the last the soldier is desired to give himself, soul and body, to his trainers, so that they may extinguish every spark of humanity in him. This transformation of a man into a beast is termed in the barracks 'the maintenance of military discipline.'

"I remember how I was brought from the station to the barracks with a crowd of other recruits. The old soldiers had all turned out to witness the arrival of the new comers, and through lines of them we entered the barracks and ascended to the third story of the building. We were obliged to swallow a good deal of mockery and offensive joking from the old occupants of the barracks. One got a hard blow by way of a joke, another had his hat knocked off with the remark: 'Where are you pushing to with your hat on? Don't you see the Dyadka?' The luckless recruits obeyed all commands without murmur, snatched off their caps before everybody who desired it, some of them always walking bareheaded for fear of giving unexpected offense.

"The first year of military service is especially trying. It is the period when the recruit is trained from early morning to late at night in order that he may become intimate with the means of defending his Czar and country from the enemy—'interior and exterior.' The Dyadka (a non-commissioned officer)—this is the moulder of the body and soul of the new recruit, for whom he is responsible to the commander—receives frequent blows in the face from his superior if the pupil does not advance sufficiently quickly in the soldier's 'catechism' and the various military exercises. Therefore the Dyadka mercilessly ill-treats his drilling-class, and in order to make his heart more tender the recruits will bribe him to the extent of their possibility with bacon and bread, brandy and money. Of course not every recruit is able to bribe the Dyadka. The greater part are doomed to suffer every kind of ill-treatment.

"Here is a sketch from life. A lesson of 'catechism' is proceeding in the barracks. Each group of soldiers is studying separately with its own Dyadka. They are sitting strained and motionless, every eye is fixed upon the Dyadka, who is lying on his bed.

"'Well, now, you bloated ox'—and the Dyadka pokes his thick finger into the ribs of a huge, clumsy Little Russian—'tell me, what is a soldier?'

"The fellow springs to his feet, falls rigidly into position, his eyes protruding from fright.

"'A soldier is a servant of his Czar and Fatherland, their defender from enemies—from enemies'—

"The face of the recruit trembles convulsively. It is seen that he is striving with all force to recall the forgotten words.

"'Well?'

"'I have forgotten, sir'—falters the pupil.

"'Forgotten!' viciously repeats the Dyadka, and indulges in a storm of furious imprecation. 'You, carrots,' he cries, pointing to another recruit—'Give him a rounder in the nose to make him remember.'

"'Carrots' jumps to his feet, and conscientiously obeys the command. He flicks the nose of his luckless companion with his huge middle finger, until he is stopped by the Dyadka. The nose of the offender gets steadily

redder and redder as the operation proceeds, and his eyes become full of tears, but the Dyadka laughs heartily, and the recruits diplomatically follow his example.

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"There are very few who dare to protest. If there are such, they are from the ranks of the town-workers or simply fellows more lettered than the rest, who feel more conscious of their dignity. The officers and the Dyadkas persecute such 'students' relentlessly. They force them to repeat a hundred times some fatiguing exercise, until half-mad, they refuse to continue, which is at once a reason for their being court-martialed.

"The whole day long the recruit is driven about, now to drill, now on various errands or duties. The whole day long he is consumed by one thought: how to avoid offense, how to avoid a blow or some other penalty. The evening comes, the exercises are finished, and the recruit rejoices at the thought that now he is to be left in peace. But no! In the military regulations it is decreed that during the leisure hours singing and other amusements are to be permitted. This permission is read by the superiors as a command, and after supper the order is usually given, 'Sing!' Then begins the soldier's recreation. Far from being a recreation, it is a torture. The recruit is longing to escape from this grinding routine. But how can he get away to be alone for awhile when he is commanded by his chiefs to 'amuse himself'?

"In fact, it is necessary for the new recruit to forget himself altogether; to cease to think or feel; to lower himself to the level of an animal, in order that he may look quietly on at this base process of brutalizing men.

"'You know,' said an artilleryman to me, who was a man of some education, 'I am now just like this wooden table. I have no self-respect, nothing in me at all. Every sign of life I had has been killed by this cursed service. And yet before the service I was also a human being!'

What the World Has Lost by War.

Fancy what we should have had around us now, if, instead of quarreling and fighting over their work, the nations had aided each other in their work; or even if in their conquests, instead of effacing the memorials of those they succeeded and subdued, they had guarded the spoils of their victories. Fancy what Europe would be now if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks, if the broad roads and massy walls of the Romans, if the noble and pathetic architecture of the Middle Ages, had not been ground to dust by mere human rage. You talk of the scythe of Time and the tooth of Time; I tell you Time is scytheless and toothless: it is we who gnaw like the worm, we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish, ourselves who consume; we are the mildew and the flame; and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it cannot illuminate. All these lost treasures of human intellect have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction. The marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff; but we men have ground it to powder, and mixed it with our own ashes. The walls and the ways would have stood: it is we who have left not one stone upon another, and restored its